

1

Going to Mosque to say my prayer,
mad with intoxication of Wine,
The Glass is in my one hand
and "Tasbeeh" in ~~my~~ ^{the} other.

✓ The priest is very shrewd
calls me smilingly,
"Throw away the Glass" - says he coming by
my side.

2

I Sat about an hour and they said
their prayer at length,
I ~~for~~ forgot to prostrate ^{myself} at which
the trouble ~~be~~ arose.
The priest ordered - "Drive away the Devil,
He should never be seen again in the
House of God."

3

✓ I Said then, "Oh! Reverend priest,
Excuse me for the day,
I was in meditation to get back the Glass
Had you opened a Bar" at the time of prostration,
giving up your prayers
You would have seen the dead coming on foot
straight over here

Wine Shop

4

" You would have found the sincere priest
among them,
And they would have died again in shame
witnessing your affairs.

✓ You prostrated before God but you
kept your eyes on me,
This sort of prayer you said
throughout your life."

5

" If you desire Paradise in exchange for
of your prayers and fasts

✓ Then silently come with me.
in the way of the Wine-shop
(Bar)

You will get the ^{your sacrifice} interview with God
(vision of God)
and don't forget about Paradise

Your heart will be enriched anew
with flowers and fruits."

6

✓ If your heart is full of vanity, envy and hatred
What is the use of prostrating before God
prostration
in the coloured dress of hypocrisy.

6 Contd.

Demolish all mosque then build shops
of wine

Saint Wine with pleasure and forget
the memory of sin for a while

7

"Oh! my dear priest although I agree
that drinking wine is a sin
But your mind is full of ~~only~~ sins alone,
~~the~~ your dress is clean white

If "~~shirk~~" is true that "shirk" (idolatry)
is the worst kind of sin

Then you my dear you are drowned
in the depth of that "shirk"

form a
religion,
with a
privilege.

8

I heard sermons when ~~I was not~~
my knowledge was not ripe

I am old enough now and
I build my Paradise

I am not ready to give up ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~
the pleasure of drinking
the juice of Grapes

~~I am the king~~
For that alone I am the king of happiness
on Earth

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(EAST PAKISTAN)

Date . Aug-6-1967.

2

Oh dear ~~beloved~~ friend keep aside your bag of sermons
Come tomorrow morning when the illusion of my eyes
will disappear
What is the effect of your sermons when I am
tired with the intoxication of
wine
Yourself is doing the mistake ~~say you~~ while you see
the night as a day
confuses

10

Oh my friend priest, had you ever understood
how ~~to~~ deep is the force of love
I could have enjoyed your distress and how you
would have created a flood
of laughter!
Had you got the slightest touch of happiness
Of the Beloved's company tonight
You could not have said anymore prayer and kept
the clean white dress
over your person
(body)
or ~~the white dress~~
careless

his attire.
appeal -
slow -
holocaust.

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Date 11/11/54 ^{one who is old}
^{one who is old}
^{one who is old}

11

Oh my dear "Shaikh" ~~if~~ don't you realise that
your pride is absolutely ^{false}
You give too much importance of caste and creed
and in my eyes all are so light,
When all of us took our births from a drop of
And all of us will disappear in the infinite ^{semen}
depth of Earth.

comes to

12

Kon Oh my dear Judge, you want to judge me today
being on the Chair,
Then who is the Judge to judge you at the other
(not after) bank of Death!
If "Koyes" sacrificed his heart in name of his
"Kailay"
How you ~~called him~~ could name him as
~~idolator~~ idolator in the light
of Holy Quran!

I will
not
sign
your
name

(Signature) no to be used
in any case
after 11/11/54

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(EAST PAKISTAN)

Date

13

~~O Abraham~~

While "Ibrahim" sacrificed his ~~son~~ dearest
Son at the feet of Allah

And you offered your sacrifice for the
sake of pride and forgetting Him

You massacred the ^(Heaven) heart where there was
the House of God

And you ^{for the sake of pride} have thrown the ^{dreadful} arrow to the heart of God
~~for~~

14

If you can bear such a heavy burden
of sin
Then why the ^{mad} ~~magnificent~~ will not be able
live after kissing your feet?

~~And~~ If I constantly remain intoxicated with wine
throughout the day and night
It will do harm to none and the light of
your religion will not
extinguish.

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(East Pakistan)

Date _____

15

Helpless God died surely at the stroke of
your deadly arrow

And the religion was sold at your feet
for its indebtedness
to you.

Then why should I worship God
When there is ^{God} no fear of God

The tide of ^{the waves} sin is in full swing, but just
to keep ^{it} a secret!

~~Flood is
and stream
underneath, not
called here by poet
Kare etc. out to
16~~

~~while our
rampant.~~

Oh my dear priest, I see your long heavy
bush of beards,

Your bag of great sermons and your long
gown is too white.

"Shore"
You are so mad in the ~~name~~ name of religion
that you have kept the Holy Quran
hanging from your ~~neck~~ shoulder

True religion is there in the Quran but in you
everything is empty.

Wijez - devoted to the & Allah the most
I'd have lost love in war.

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(EAST PAKISTAN)

Date 19/1/64
Ali. one of the
after and difficult
finds the way
+ gives him the
game of the
prophet.

19

Indeed 'Wayez' broke all his teeth one by one

But you are ^{for nothing} going in zigzag way in the illusion
of mistake

~~To make love is very difficult and it is~~

It is very difficult to keep the brain all night
in the ~~to~~ very difficult way of making
love

So I have kept myself busy with wine, ^(with love)
to keep the brain clear.

20

I roam about with the desire to get my Beloved
as the dog run here and there
in search of food.

I can not sleep even at the dead of night
and I find the shadow of my Beloved
beside me.

I finish all the cups but my everlasting
thirst is not satisfied

And all the strings of intoxication disappear
when I hear the call of
great a Bilal

Bilal's
call to
prayer

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(EAST PAKISTAN)

Date

21

Oh my friend Brest, You should not laugh any more
— the greatest vile of ridiculing
Others

For you will not be able to bear ^{any} the
curse of one who is a lover

Poet's The intoxication of wine is rather good
as it do not last long

Poet's But your desire of enjoyment of worldly affairs
is in vain, as the burden of marriage
is very hard.
ecstasy

When the most beautiful fairies will be
Let us enjoy ^{to our} ^{heart's} ^{content} available in the Garden of Paradise.
Then what is harm to drink in the
courtyard of the World.

When the youth will be dying like the
petals of the rose

Then will ~~to~~ get the pleasure
like ~~to~~ at this jolly mood
of full-blown youth?

I have no desire for Paradise.
nor I am longing for the Hell

I am just roaming about with the
intoxication of wine to find
my heart at rest

I have left the "Quran" and the "Hadith"
I want wine and nothing else

I don't aspire for the beautiful forms
in exchange of my prayer & fast.

Oh my friend friend, ^{you are} ~~be~~ heartless that
you say I am a "Kafir"
You will be going to Hell for this
sort of remark of yours

The man who has no other attraction
except wine

You want to send him to Hell
and yourself aspire for
Paradise!

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(EAST PAKISTAN)

Non-recd. 1/10/52 (11/11/52)
25th Nov 1952 Date

Don't let me see you
You could not tolerate such a little
loss of your vanity
And you go on with the same old
thing - a thing
That is every day a new thing
And you go on with the same old
thing - a thing
That is every day a new thing
And you go on with the same old
thing - a thing
That is every day a new thing

In my point, you have forgotten the
clear verdict of the Bible
You should have testified on Christ
and on Moses' as I know
It has appeared ^{the world} that you are
not a Christian
How can there be a group - like
the "The" and the "The"

Never has
created
the decision

I trust convince me to obey
him in my affairs
Then only I will get the interview
with God.

There is no light of wisdom
about the excess of formalities

Th. I ~~think~~ ~~the~~ have a H. Rebel
and I can't do anything for
my livelihood.

To get
- Every Week, Why are you - I don't know
at the office. This of
How I can resist myself -
if you kindle the flame of
you have spread the word of body
and your friends are all around
all others are enjoy & much
to the world is another
exchange.

Excuse me,
I am alone,
to enjoy it
the beauty of
sex if you love
created
yourself.

Excuse me
for coming to
see you have
a great
night.

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(EAST PAKISTAN)

Date

29

I had everything at my ^{Tagore} ~~finger~~ ^{tip}; but due to my own mistake lost all

Then who is ~~the~~ God he, the Lord of mistakes
and who is at the root of sins?

How is that God has created the very funny
He controls the path of Heaven. While the ^{"destiny"} mistake leads to Hell

30

① A very strange plan that he created
an idol of soil,
And all prostrate before the ^{idol} -
- see how a pleasing fun!

It was known to ~~the~~ Him that the
Devil would not obey Him
For nothing, He made a plan to ~~drive~~ ^{turn}
him away from Heaven.

Reference to
the plan of
Adam
1960

will not
even

already planned
by God

Adam was given the companion of Eve
to play with

But was ordered not to touch her
Which was the result of his fall.

It was ~~this~~ ^{his} intention that He ~~will~~ would
get the Earth inhabited by mankind

Still why He threw the burden of sin on
Adam by ^{eloise}.

Behold He is seated on His
Throne to pardon all of you

So go on drinking with pleasure
throughout your life

Why you aspire for Paradise in
exchange of hard labour.

All will go in vain at the time of death

— Whatever ~~you~~ virtue you
earned throughout
your life.

You might
have wasted
your whole
days, if you
were
inwardly
out of order

|| All can be wiped
out by one good, or
one bad deed

Don't you understand that everything is the
plan of the Great Hand?

Virtue and vice are all false,

it is only His will-planned pastime-game

For He doesn't understand now what He is
doing in the deceitful game

He will understand then, when all will
blame Him alone:

34

Oh my Priest, please don't ~~to~~ send me
to Hell again

Who are you to judge? Please ^{repent} ~~repent~~
in the name of God;

The Judge is ^{not doing any} ~~judging~~ idle — better
and you better consult the Book

Everybody will be judged on the same
Day after the sleep of death.

For God, and, again, don't see the same

If you aspire for justice in the half ^{day}
 of the half way ^(midday)

Better judge yourself if you want to -
 walk on the straight path

✓ Your gown is hanging from your head
 down to your feet

And you prostrated whole night
 but with the burden of ~~your~~ ^{your} ~~pride~~ ^{pride}.

All of you ^{have} forgotten the Book, the Traditions
 and have forgotten God.

Your sayings ^{have} become the ~~the~~
 Traditions which is nothing
 but false

Your wisdom is perfect and God
 is none but a fool

That is why I am addicted to wine
 so that I do not become
 lifeless

so that I may
 become cold

Not to make
 too much
 emphasis

Ok my Priest do not go ^{beyond limit} too far with
 your religion,
 You prophet warned you at the
 time of his departure.
 Better you come along with me
 and have a sip of wine
 then we shall walk ^{anew} a step or two
 in the path of religion.

When torture was inflicted on me
 -beyond limit
 You, Priest, why you tell me the story
 of "Bilal"
 The prophet ^{person} arranged his ^{release}
 with a very sympathetic heart,
 And you enjoying unlimited pleasure
 sitting quiet at home.

least after
 that not interest
 with the
 effort.

P. J. Fox
successor
to the
P. J. Fox
Co.

2. 10. 1912
P. J. Fox
Co.

39

The Post
Self

Office



The 'laid of the dawn will still sing
at the ~~other~~ land on the
other bank of the ocean

If you go on increasing the limit of torture
in such a hateful manner

His sons could have awoken you from your death-sleep
of great sins

If you want to be alive, come at once
to follow the path of the prophet

40

You have made me mad ~~by~~ back-biting and by
giving me bad little names

~~And are always saying throwing me to~~

~~And you have ^{Hell} thrown me to Hell~~

And you desire to throw me to Hell and
your prayer is such,

^{in my opinion}
Sovereignty is your monopoly and God is nothing
in your eyes

You have driven ~~me~~ away and myself
the ~~from~~ helpless
have gone astray

Oh ignorants, you have insulted me in ~~characteristic~~
humiliating manner

Do you know that you are so low and all of
your efforts are in vain?

You did not know why I came and why
I invited you
And you did not even like to know
Who was I.
I invited you to good but you
didn't even care to know my name, or
anything about me

42

Oh ^{so} traveller, how long you would travel
in wrong direction

On the other way some ^{one} are waiting to welcome you
and singing in bridal chamber

Your companion of the new way is awaiting
with garland in her hands

~~The~~ If you waste your time the the garland
may fade away

...
...
...
...

(9 am)

Drunk ~~as~~ like a mad drunkard forgetting
the sense of ~~the~~ ~~limited~~ proportion of
The desire of drinking was ever increasing
and today I am nearing death.

Oh ~~my~~ ^{Beloved} sweetheart
"Saki" fill the cup ^{with} ~~the~~ ~~water~~
with the least left with you

And give him the message that I am
dying ^{in this way} in this way for
my Beloved.

Oh you priests! none of you should
touch the ~~unholy~~ death body
of this drunkard

His funeral prayer will be said
by the Huns and Angels.

Oh people of the soil, you have only given
me strings of torture —
never a little comfort.

And in lieu of that I will gain the
special blessings of the Prophet

45

Be quick and drink this small quantity
of wine today

~~Who knows~~

There is no certainty that I will get
a chance to kiss your lovely lips

After a little while you will hear the

And the light of ^{voice} truth will fall
upon your innocent face

46

The idiots are ~~fast~~ ^{deep} asleep inside the
room in darkness

So ~~And~~ ^{and why} how they shall understand their
game of illusion of the moonlit night

If they ~~could~~ ^{could} kiss you once in such
a moonlit night,

I can swear they would have fallen
deep asleep for good

Too reluctant
for
you

47

They think that I am a stark mad
with the intoxication of wine

But how they can realise ~~the~~ ~~truth~~ it
who ~~are~~ do not drink wine,

The life is about to end, so give me
another slip of wine

And let them ~~roast~~ ~~their~~ ~~hearts~~ ~~with~~
in thirst in the midst of desert.
assist

48

All my senses have disappeared and I am
free from all these burdens

{ Please do not disturb my sleep with my
Beloved tonight.

At dawn ~~they~~ when my friends would
carry me away,

Please keep the ^(bottle) cap of wine on
my grave.

49

The arrow
of love has
pierced
my heart,
and I am
lost in
love

Oh my sweetheart, the day you threw
the arrow of your eyeing

Since that day I weep and longed,
my heart is broken to pieces

How I can endure ~~you~~ the force
of your embracing

My ~~heart~~ desire with that thought

How I am beside the grave with
a restless heart

~~My heart is beside the grave with a restless heart~~

You know it better my dear
whether you will be available
in the bridal chamber

But your seat will be ready
with hope in my heart

Even if do not come at all
in sheer despair of my dream

Then my desire ^{will take} itself will ~~take~~
^{your form} take the shape of yours
in the ocean of Beauty

Your love
will bring
me to
the grave

Why you call me again ^{and again} repeatedly
~~at~~ ^{by} the sign of your eyes

The fire of your eyes will burn
me to ashes

The slight ~~display~~ ^{display} of your beauty
from inside the veil

Is not better than the complete
and open ~~expression~~ ^{manifestation}

52

If ~~you~~ I do not get you in this
short span of life

It is useless ~~to~~ ^{to} coming in the earth
and my life is useless

If I knew the earlier the art of
such a deceit

You would have failed to
make me mad for you

Oh Saki, ~~do remember~~ keep in mind my last appeal
at this time of death

If anybody really wants ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~deceive~~ ^{to} ~~the~~ death

Then let him drink the pure one
— ~~not~~ ^{not} to take the ~~mixture~~ ^{mixture},
mixture,

His heart will be enriched with
flowers by the ~~pure~~
pure and fresh wine of
my Beloved

You do whatever you like. Of
cruel thief of my heart

The return of love is sorrow and
it is your nature to give
pains

But will you get peace of mind
by killing me in such a
way!

Is the virtue of love is meaningless
and is the jasmine of the lawn
is meaningless !!

55

From the day I began to sing in
your name

Since then my luck broke into
pieces

(And all the flowers of the garden faded away
and dropped by hot air

But their scent remained mixed at
your feet with restless desire

56

Excuse me oh my dear if I
had ever given you pain

But ~~do~~ do not try to ~~deceive~~
leave me and hope to curse me

If you give me ~~the~~ pain in return
of pain — the mysterious reaction

Then who will call you ~~lover~~ if
your heart is so tiny.

At this dead of night why ^{are} you calling me again and again
 I have ~~fallen asleep~~ ^{fallen asleep} for a little while, still you do not allow
 me to rest.
 Tomorrow I will have to pitch the tent ~~and~~ ^{again} at a new place
 So the tired ~~and~~ ^{traveler} traveler is ~~having~~ ^{taking} rest on the road of the caravansary

Oh my dear "Saki", that's the beautiful rosy and
 well-shaped face
 How can I forget it and the memory is more
 pleasant than the Paradise
 Oh, ~~that's~~ ^{your} leaves of ~~your~~ ^{your} eyes are nodding in sleep
 slumber with the gentle breeze
 Oh, ~~that's~~ ^{your} figure is so delicate and soft
 that the petal of the rose takes the
 defeat.

If I have no hope to ~~get~~ ^{escape} from the
 possession of your trap
 And if I am to die in the mid-ocean
 calling you in vain repeatedly
 And if I did all wrongs at the forceful
 flow tide of the youth
 Still ~~but~~ can it not be mitigated at the fearful
~~by~~ singing of the low ebb-tide

I will never express my sorrow if I do not get you.
 And this is my ^{only} consolation that I am dying ^{only} for
 you. ^{for your sake}

~~X~~ If possible please give me at least one sip
 Even that is not possible give me the empty cup,
 - may be I will get the scent
 (of wine)

Had you taken my kiss once at your soft cheek
 I would not have come again and slept
 for ever (to die) for ever

✓ If I had ~~would~~ had I got the cruel heart of my
 Beloved at my bosom,

The sinful body of mine would have burnt away
 and the fire of my desire would have extinguished.

✓ The ^{fragrance} scent of "R" creates wave in my heart
 As if it has preserved the ^{in the evening} scent of your plait ^{in its heart}

None ~~could~~ know how ⁱⁿ ~~it~~ got such a nice
 fragrance of it

It may be the fragrance of the your plait
 is ~~floating in~~

is coming afloat at the gentle breeze.

There had
 been a
 the fragrance
 of the love

63

Don't beat me anymore Oh cruel dear as I can't
not bear it any longer

I do not know that the deception of vain illusion
is so sorrowful

✓ The lightning of your eyes is crushing
thunder on my heart

How long can I live! I am ~~becoming~~
aspiring for the grave today

64

Would you ^{little} ~~have~~ mercy in your heart ^{little}
at this tender age of mine

My life is full of hopes, so I beg help
from you

X What is your gain in killing me - better I
will not want you anymore
to make love with you is nothing but a
great hoax

65

✓ Oh my dear, you will not understand the depth
of pain of my ^{inexpressible} empty heart

You could have understood if you had loved
anytime and ~~that~~ lost you Beloved

Your nature is to give pains ~~at~~ by ~~deceiving~~
deceitful tricks of illusion of

You have just given me pain today in
the ^{name} of your Mercy



recusation
(Lamp p. close
+ however)

66

If you want to break the lamp which was made by you,
Then why you made that and kindled its light?

I have never seen a whimsical like you
I always pass my time in anxiety ~~that~~ for
your uncertain act.

67

Oh I have known much of your justice which
is nothing but ^{injustice} ~~justice~~

In then case it is palace whereas there is no
straw ~~over~~ over my thatched house

It is nothing but ~~an~~ insult to beg
anything from you

Is it ~~the~~ correct to assure pleasant music
of Harris in exchange of
~~awful~~ awful things?

68

When I saw you first in the beautiful
night of pleasant dream,

I just bestowed my heart to ^(your cruel) ~~(your cruel)~~
the play of fire of your
Beauty

and all

68 could

✓ From that day began my wretched condition — the garland
of my hand remained in my hand
How could I offer that to any other body
(ie. it was not possible for me to offer it to them)
else?

69

Please ~~keep~~ put off the garland, of ~~the~~ farewell,
my dear, which I gave you at the time
of farewell
Then put on again when your heart will be
awakened with the breeze of the dawn
If there be no eagerness for it, then keep
it away very secretly,
And I will pick it up carefully in the
morning beneath the Bodhi tree
satvika

70

Hasten my dear, ~~to~~ give me the cup quickly
The Horn of Israfel will be blown right now in
my loneliness
Such a ~~beating~~ shivering of the heart during
a ^(at the 3rd day) moment's illusion of dream.
✓ Everything will probably be made clear
— nothing will be hidden
today

71

How long more I will live my dear, — my life is
almost exhausted,
✓ My ~~the~~ heart is worm-eaten and outwardly I am
well dressed.

If such is the game of love, then I have no
desire to play it

My ribs will be going on breaking ~~till death~~
in repentance till death.

72

Oh my Beloved if you are nought and if such
is your love

✓ Then why you have attracted me for nothing
and trapping me to death

Give me the wine, dear, I have understood
enough the tricks of your love

The only truth in my life is wine and
the rest is the prison of
illusion.

73

Oh my dear, —
Go on, playing your little ~~game~~ — the little
of killing by shivering of heart
Only ^a ~~the~~ lover will understand the attraction
of beauty of the vegin of Beauty

My dear,
a reply

irregular

73 Contd.

Who says it is ~~forbiddin~~ and better keep it
Better not argue ~~if~~ today if anybody
says it is ~~forbiddin~~ by God.
~~Is it no justice to~~
Is it the justice to forbid the ^{expansion of heart}
(i.e. greatness of heart)
and is the religion is weighed in scale?

74

Oh "Kaila", Open the veil, the beauty-stricken "Majnun"
is weeping
If "Majnun" is alive today then you will gain ^{the} Paradise
It is ~~you~~ God who is creating the dolls of
beauty to worship Beauty.
And I find light in Beauty, alone
and the sin in darkness

75

The Paradise is full of Beauty where there
is no discontent.
And the despair is in Hell where the ~~God~~
Devil is the lord
Know it my brother the expansion of heart
lies in the worship of Beauty
And the desire for enjoyment is the sin
where the light of the soul is lost.

Love and
moon
(picture)
man & woman
76

Smile again my darling, although that may result
in my death,

~~Still my dream of your smile~~

~~For~~ Without your smile my heart is
full of sorrow

I can feel the appearance of love in my
heart by your smile,
It is nothing but despair where there is
no smile

77

I have wandered in the lanes and bylanes
like a dog in search of you,
✓ ~~But~~ When you looked at me, I thought
it is the beiging of love.

My heart then ~~became mad~~ was trying
to find a place in your heart

Just at that time you disappeared in
somewhere in the room of darkness.

78

When I was out of my house at the hint
of your eyes

I had no sense of good or bad as I ~~was~~
forgot ~~lost~~ my own self

✓ I ran after the mirage being dreadful
You then laughed ^{wickedly} in the midst of the desert.

Had you been sympathetic upon me, you would have been honoured,
 But if you go in wrong direction, you shall never get rid of illusion
 Today you insult me by turning your face from my side
 Tomorrow you will understand, my friends
 how pathetic is the music of sorrow.

Oh you heartless, if you want to give me pains then go on doing that,
 I shall not utter anything if I have the power to bear it
 Even the sorrow could have been my happiness but my desire to get you is in vain,
 Let there be comfort in my sorrow where there is no exhaustion.

He said
 something about
 to write to me
 about the
 future

Oh my dear, ~~for~~ that you departed in the last ferry of the night
 And the owl sang suddenly in its unknown sorrow of its heart
 If ~~had~~ I knew it that your such departure would be for ever
 Then I would have given you my farewell kiss at the cost of all desires of my life.

It was a
 very
 sad
 day

Oh my sweetheart you left after turning the
hute of sorrow in what way
And you assumed the form of your shape in my
music,
The memory of ~~of~~ my making love with you
in my good days
Is blowing thunder on my heart today at
the time of departure.

In this ^{one} moment's separation thousand years
passed away,
Still I could not find you although I am
searching day and night
I am passing my days alone in the room and my
face is sad with pain
And I ^{do} believe that you will come with
the cup in your hand.

~~'Khizr' said~~
"Just coming 'Sard 'Khizr' but three hundred
years passed away
You are also no less (than Khizr) and I am on the
verge of death today.
I was ~~a~~ waiting ^{in the lonely room} for you with the cup full with wine.
I could not do any pious work, and I am
returning home with empty
hand.

(Watson, 1911, p. 100)
PICTURE.

85

All these are your his and the writings on my forehead are baseless.

Baseless is your optimist ^{messages} that you would grant interview after death

The game of hide and seek in this life; and the meeting is for the life after death

Which has increased all my despairs ^{throughout the life}

86

You are wandering constantly by my side like a dream

Still there are seventy thousand veils between you and me as you say.

Your beauty has made ^{mad} the kings, saints and pious souls

And I am just talking to you ^{as a dog} like the howling of a dog

87

You are thinking, ~~my dear~~ of tomorrow, my dear whether the wine shall be there

Whether there be the Cup and sound sleep in the ^{grave}

Whether you shall be in my heart in the crowd of Hovvies

And whether I shall be in association with some new Hovvi

88

I swear by this head of mine that this can
I will just play the game of ^{never be} tricks with ^{(that's}
^{the} ^{pages} ^{you)} ^{Honours}

✓ All my heart is occupied by your love
And the blood corpuscles are singing always
by that influence.

89

I have spoilt such a pleasant life of mine
at the time of farewell

✓ It does not matter whether I got you or not
but you will be in my heart

The veil of your face will disappear and that
I know it for certain

You will weep for me in repentance and
that will be my win.

90

If this was in your mind that you cheat
me at the end
By not seeing me for a moment at this
time of cruel death

If everything was noted on my lot all
these happenings

Then why you ^{showed} ^{show} the beautiful white
^{mountain or} ^{river} river of drink
for nothing.

91

My lot is your creation

✓ You created my lot by your very
with ~~you~~ all your love.

you (your)
all (the)
only fate
so

That is why
Still why I go away from you by the
sin of your curse

Again the power of amendments was in
your hand

✓ But you are sitting silently with pleasure
When ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{life} ~~life~~ ^{came} ~~came~~ of your
friend come.

92

? If the deep sleep falls on your eyes
during this short time

He checks in
Behind it on
the face, the
up with those
it, or nothing.

Then all that I searched for you throughout
my life is the dream in
vain

✓ I ~~was~~ was seated ^(after kindling the light) in ~~the~~ ^{the} room of darkness
throughout the ~~the~~ ^{the} night

When the light of the dawn was seen
I saw the very empty bed

93

Oh! you that simpering and covering your
face by corner of your ^{face} ~~share~~

✓ I became mad by that and wander here
and there with my
thoughtful mind

I can not bear ~~such of you~~ any more
such cruel ~~egotism~~ ^{egotism} of yours

Better you kill me by the arrow of
your eye's look?

Women
old men
with roses
over, & full
moon.

94

Oh, the beautiful face of yours like the petals of
the rose,
~~How could I can I forget it I~~
~~which~~ The idea of forgetting that is like
as painful as death.

illusory
love

The cold touch of yours in the night
in the dream of illusions of a night
will have ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~my~~ ^{my} ~~life~~ ^{life} pleasant sorrow and
of sorrowful pleasure in my life
for ever.

95

I remember, you said, — you will come in time
But you forgotten your promise just in
the ~~of~~ trap of illusion
of ~~that~~ few days
Alas, if I knew that you will forget me
in such a way
I would have locked the door to keep you
as prisoner till eternity

96

"Laila" is weeping and weeping, being confined
in the prison,
And "Majnun" throws ^{himself} violently at the door of the
prison being inflamed by love

the one
who is in prison
Laila, or all
who want
not

It is useless to say today — who is
more sinful
the flame of fire is burnt ~~the~~ on the other
way where you have to die
now.
(Hindu social in general)

97

Her smile slowly disappears in the twilight (dusk)
Of the horizon
Then who comes in the courtyard of my heart
wearing jingling anklet at her feet.
And Whose portrait is drawn on the leaves of the
Banyan tree beside the river
Still I cannot find her because she is
walking in a zigzag way

98

I dream at midnight as if I am floating in
the ocean
My boat is very small and my beloved
is sleeping with me.
The jar of wine was by the side and there
was much pleasure at heart
All on a sudden a blow of the wind ~~saw~~ had sunk
the boat due to sheer irony of fate

99

I wander ~~here and there~~ like a shameless
in all quarters
Some one abuses me like anything and someone
beats me severely.
I thought I would go away ~~far~~ as far as
my eyes could take me
But I come back again after a little while
and such is the pleasant temptation

100

Who calls me in my own self whose response
I do not get outside
The memory of beauty appears ~~in~~ within the heart
~~but~~ which is not real in any
shape of being.
As much as I run outside, I forget the ~~real~~
beauty within my self.
Love dwells at heart like the musk
of the doe. /

101

When I loose my ^{own} self in the blue horizon
Just then the arms of my beloved clutch ~~me~~
me in the nothingness
And all my desire of the restless heart is then
lost within ~~it~~ itself.
And I hear the glorious utterance of "Mansuri"
in ~~my~~ secret hute of my life

Underlined
words should
be kept. ~~2~~

102

When darkness deepens in the black shed
of the evening sky
And the illusion of tune kindles the light
in the palace of dreamland.
Then I can see the reality at this place
of unreality
And I hear the call of "oneness" in this
minaret of the "Kaaba"

-do-

My understanding was yet then unripe, and I had
 (wisdom) many beautiful desires in mind.
 So at this time of youth I have created enmity
 with love.
 I ~~do~~ know very well what will be the end
 of this enmity.
~~There will be no trace of my heart and home~~
 I shall have to loose all of my belongings,
 heart and home.

The start was very well - the trouble arose
 in the mid-way.
 Everything was upset and to my great
 misfortune I lost the way.
 If I loose my way ~~as much~~ like this in
 the midst of a maze.
 Then do you understand the result, my friend,
 it is just asleep in mid-way.

For whom I was awake all through my life
 night and day
 And I spoilt my health just ~~with~~ ^{for}
 for the hope of seeing her
 for a moment.
 If ^(you) could see ~~how~~ how beautiful she is
 Your death would be a success after
 kissing her feet once.

I aspire for one at the time of death whom
I did not get in life,
My heart became empty in this way which
is my calamity.

Whatever I have done throughout my life
is nothing but useless.

~~All my accumulations~~

Every thing of ~~my~~ mine was in the
debit side of the ledger and
nothing for the credit.

Alas! "Majnun's Lailij" remains asleep in
the grave.

But the beautiful face of my beloved
remains mixed with the dust
of the way.

And When a drop of water from my eyes
fell there,

It ~~burst~~ blossomed like a rose
in the garden of Muhammad.

What for this life is and which way is its success
I could not understand this and my restlessness
was not over.
Why we come, why we go and we laugh
and weep
And how we took our birth - as if we came
floating with unholy water.

When I ~~look at~~ ^{look at} the star at dawn - I recollect
 the memory of my beloved
 The beauty spot of her forehead awakens
 the memory of ~~that~~ sweet long
 in my mind
 The golden spot of her in between ~~the~~ her
 two ~~eyebrows~~ deep black
 eye brows
~~Rosenthal~~ Looks like a beautiful star
 having two eyes in two
 sides.

the lines
 in the
 eyes
 are
 like
 stars

This traveller of the dreamland is tired
 of wondering this way and
 that way
 there is no distinction of day and night
 for him - it is all the same.
 And the ribs in the chest are being
 smashed in despair
~~And the bones in the worn out figure~~
~~becomes thinner~~
 Why still hope in vain when the worn out
 figure becomes defunct
 further.

Alas Oh traveller, why you built your house in
 the middle of your
 And you have spoilt ~~it~~ in ~~an~~ anxiety ^{journey} such a
 beautiful life of yours:
 You have to proceed but you think unwisely
~~to build~~ the rest house ⁱⁿ there a little ~~far~~ away
 and you shall have meet
 your beloved there.

112

I have become mad by the intoxication of beauty
 and my eyes have become sunken
 And the wounds of ~~on~~ my heart have increased
 one after another
 I have no knowledge if there is any other
 fortune, greater than this
 That all the beauties of this Earth are forbidden
 for me.

113

When the disease of love captured me like the
 vampire (bat)
 My body became sickly and my heart full
 of wounds,
 All types of physicians gave up the hope
 of my life
 And the rumour spread in all quarters
 that I am a great drunkard.

114

No definition was available as to ~~how the~~
 what type of disease the
 love is
 It spreads slowly like the germs of 'phthisis'.
 Be careful right now - Oh my luxuriant
 son
 There is remedy of all diseases but
 no remedy for this
 disease
 (of love).

115

Oh, who are you, ^{voice} playing on the pipe sitting
beneath the tree at other
I loose myself at the illusion of that tune
trembling with the restless rhythm
of life.
The flood-tide arises at the heart of the river,
and the waves are running desperately
to meet their beloved
They fumble down ~~at~~ over the heart of the
bank and report their sorrow
for redress.

Beloved
now and
then

116

Oh the cruel friend of my heart (cruel & bosom friend)
You call me before the day is dawned
With this hard decision of the lot wipe out the tears
of my eyes.
When I entered the into the beautiful
garden of the youth,
I could not at all think that the thorn
of pain will run on my heart.

For me
dear

117

Oh the breeze of the dawn please deliver the
my message to the ears of my
that the memory of love awakens in my heart
with the music of sorrow.
The cruel ~~shock~~ of my heartless beloved is
has created the tune of at the lute of
And the fire is burning like the chaos with
the rhythms of the strings of
that lute.

In my breast
Love + Sorrow
2 Sorrow

118

My ~~life~~ life is empty and the wine is no more.
 she body of my beloved rolls on the dust — the eternal bed.
 The unmindful breeze brings the sorrowful
 music from the lonely ~~forest~~ garden
 And the ~~pain~~ lute of pain is singing the tune
 of chaos ~~in~~ within my heart.

Beloved
 as the
 great
 since
 alone

119

I heard whose tone while I was asleep
 at the latter part of the night
 It is long my beloved had left me and
 the door of ~~the~~ the memory is closed today.
 I lit the candle for nothing and came
 outside on the ~~a~~ jungle
 And the light of the moon smiled ^{of} grass
 sorrow, looking at me.

Beloved
 storm

120

When the drowsiness of my sleep was broke in
 that night of storm in such a way
 That I was thrown somewhere and
 my beloved was thrown elsewhere
~~If it was the act of envy~~
 If there was ^{such a} envy in somebody's mind, at my
 happiness,
 Then why he came to see me as a friend
 for nothing.

121
I do not know how I came in this way ~~to~~ of death
in the mid-ocean,
Will there be none to take me back to shore?
If you, the Lord of lot, are there behind the mystery
of creation
Then why you would like to kill me ~~by~~
after throwing me in such
death-trap? ~~death-trap~~

122
To fight with the lot is absolutely wrong and it
is really chaotic.
And in such a way the dawn of my life began.
From the day I was acquainted with wisdom,
The creation and destruction is ~~going on in~~ of
my own life is going on by some
influence.

123
I have kept the stories of sins of my life ~~in~~
a secret ~~with~~ very carefully,
So that nobody will be induced to walk in
that way of sin even unconsciously.
I had not the least desire to walk in the
way of virtue
Still whatever virtue was done by me
was manifest to all,

124

I have no hope, so I am weeping and weeping,
If the boat of mine is destined to sink, then
Sink it in the bottomless ocean.
And ~~mix~~ my ~~life~~ in ~~something~~ beautiful
and dream-like life ~~with~~ nothingness
And let the people on Earth ceaselessly weep
with the agony of absolute pain.

125

My life is in your hands, nothing left with me,
Who knew that this hide and seek game is so useless.
I have to sing this music of despair in the twilight
of my life
All your mercy has been exhausted on me in such
a short time.

126

Don't weep in repentance because you may die in the
mid-way
Whatever you want to do, do quickly at this
eleventh hour of life
The anxiety of virtue and vice is meaningless, you just
keep your heart happy.
The Heaven is full of happiness in the bank of the
river of wine there.

127

Is the order of your God to impoverish your ~~life~~ ^{yourself}
Then why God has created such a beautiful
garden of flowers
Then whom you want give this beautiful garden
of flowers created by God?
~~The smile~~ My life with ^{cheerfulness} smiles keep the soul afire
Do not weep, my brother, in despair in this bank
of river (life)